

Am. Museum, No.

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A
T R I P.
T O
JAMAICA:
With a True
CHARACTER
O F T H E
People and Island.

By the Author of Sot's Paradise.
Tom Brown.

The Fourth Edition.



LONDON, Printed in the Year 1699.

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CHARTER
of the
City of New York
1811

People and Ward.

By the Mayor of New York

and the Board of Aldermen

of the City of New York

in the Year 1811

TO THE READER.

THE Condition of an Author is much like that of a Strumpet, both exposing our Reputations to supply our Necessities, till at last we contract such an ill habit, thro our Practices, that we are equally troubl'd with an Itch to be always Doing; and if the Reason be requir'd Why we betake our selves to so Scandalous a Profession as Whoring or Pamphleteering, the same Excusive Answer will serve us both, viz. That the unhappy circumstances of a Narrow Fortune, hath forc'd us to do that for our Subsistence, which we are much asham'd of.

The chieft and most commendable Talent, admir'd in either, is the knack of pleasing; and He or She amongst us that happily arrives to a Perfection in that sort of Witchcraft, may in a little time (to their great Honour) enjoy the Pleasure of being Celebrated by all the Coxcombs in the Nation.

The only difference between us is, in this particular, where in the Jilt has the Advantage, we do our Business First, and stand to the Courtesie of our Benefactors to Reward us after; whilst the other, for her security, makes her Rider pay for his Journey, before he mounts the Saddle.

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To the Reader.

It is necessary I should say something in relation to the following Matter: I do not therein present you with a formal Journal of my Voyage, or Geographical Description of the Island of Jamaica, for that has been already done by Persons better Quallified for such a Task. I only Entertain you with what I intend for your Diversion, not Instruction; Digested into such a Stile as might move your Laughter; not merit your Esteem. I question not but the Jamaica Coffee-House will be much affronted at my Character of their Sweating Chaos; and if I was but as well assnr'd of Pleasing every body else, as I am of Displeasing those who have an Interest in that Country, I should not question but the Printer would gain his End, which are the Wishes of the Author.

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T R I P
T O
J A M A I C A :



N the times of *Adversity*, when *Poverty* was held no *Shame*, and *Piety* no *Vertue*; When *Honesty* in a *Tradesman's* Conscience, and *Money* in his *Counting-House*, were as scarce as *Health* in an *Hospital*, or *Charity* in a *Clergy-man*. The *Sword* being advanc'd, and the *Pen* silenc'd; *Printers* being too *Poor* to pay down *Copy-Money*, and *Authors* too *Poor* to Trust 'em: *Fools* getting more by hazarding their *Carcasses*, than *Ingenious Men* by imploying their *Wits*; which was well enough observ'd by a *Gentleman*, in these following *Lines*.

*When Pens were valu'd less than Swords,
And Blows got Money more than Words;
When Am'rous Beaux and Campaign Bully,
Thriv'd by their Fighting and their Folly;
Whilst Men of Parts as Poor as Rats,
With Mourning Swords and Flapping Hats,
Appear by Night, like Owles and Bats;
With Hungry haste pursuing way,
To Sir John Lend or 'Squire Pay.
Till Wit in Rags or Fool in Feather,
Were joyn'd by Providence together.*

*The one o'er Bottle breaks his Jest,
Like Country Parson at a Feast;
For which he's Treated and Exalted,
By his dear Friend Sir Looby Dolthead.
Unhappy Age! which so in Vice sarpasses,
That Men of Worth must Worship Golden Asses.*

I being influenc'd by my Stars, with an unhappy propensity, to the Conversation of those unlucky kind of *Fortune-Hunters*, till at last, tho' I had no more Wit to boast of than another Man, yet I shar'd the Fate of those that had; and to bear them Company, stragled so far from the Paths of Profit and Preferment, into a Wilderness of Pleasure and Enjoyment, that I had like to have been stuck fast in a Thicket of Brambles, before I knew whereabouts I was; to clear my self of which, I bustled like a Fox in a Gin, or a Hare in a Partridge-Net: But before I could free my self from this Entanglement, I had so wounded my Feet, and stuck so many Thorns in my Side, that I halted homewards like a *Goaty Puritan* to an Election, or a *Lame Beggar* to a *Misers Funeral*.

These little Afflictions mov'd me to reflect upon my Mis-spent Time; and like a Thief in a Goal, or a Whore in a Flux, I Resolv'd for the future to Reform my Life, change my Measures, and push my self upon something that might recover those lost Moments, I had hitherto converted to the use of others, and not my self. I now began to peep into the *Business* of the World, and chang'd the Company of those who had nothing to do but Spend Money, for the Conversation of such whose Practice was to Get it.

But I, thro' Inadvertency, neglecting to consult Doctor Trotter, or some other Infallible Predicting Wise-aker, began my Reformation in an unfortunate Minute, when Usurers were unbinding their Fetter'd Trunks, and breaking up their Deified Bags and Consecrated Sums, for the security of Religion, and the further establishment of Liberty of Conscience, without which [Liberty] join'd, Conscience to them would be of no use. Tradesmen grumbling at the Taxes, Merchants at their Losses, most Men complaining for want of Business, and all Men in Business, for want of Money: Every Man upon Change looking with as peevish a Countenance, as if he had unluckily stumbled upon his Wife's Failings, and unhappily become a witness to his own Cuckoldome. These I thought but slender Encouragements to a New Reformist, who had forsaken Liberty for Restraint, Ease for Trouble, Laziness for Industry, Wine for Coffee, and the Pleasures of Witty Conversation, for the Plague, of a Muddy-Brain'd Society, who could talk of
nothing

nothing but *Prime Cost* and *Profit*, the *Good Humour* of their *Wives*, the *Wittiness* of their *Children*, and the *Unluckiness* of their *Prentices*; and knew no more how *Handsomely* to Spend their Money, than *Honestly* to Get it.

The *Complaints* of those *Philodenarians*, the *Declination* of *Trade*, and the *Scarcity* of *Money*, gave me no more hopes of mending my Condition, by pursuing my intended measures, than a *Good Husband* has of mending a *Bad Wife* by winking at her *Vices*. I now found my self in great danger of a *Relapse*, to prevent which, after two or three Gallons of *Darby-Ale* had one day sent my *Wits* a *Wooll-gathering*, and generated as many *Maggots* in my *Brains*, as there are *Crotchets* in the *Head* of a *Musician*, or *Fools* in the *Million Lotttry*, I'e'en took up a Resolution to *Travel*, and Court the *Blinking Gipsy Fortune* in another Country. I then began to Consider what Climate might best suit with my *Constitution*, and what part of the World with my *Circumstances*; and upon mature Deliberation, found a *Warm Latitude* would best agree with *Thin Apparel*, and a *Money'd Country* with a *Narrow Fortune*; and having often heard such extravagant *Encomiums* of that *Blessed Paradise Jamaica*, where *Gold* is more plentiful than *Ice*, *Silver* than *Snow*, *Pearl* than *Hailstones*, I at last determin'd to make a trial of my Stars in that *Island*, and see whether they had the same *Unlucky Influence* upon me there, as they had, hitherto, in the Land of my *Nativity*.

In order to proceed on my *Voyage*, I took a Passage in the good Ship the *Andalucia*; and about the latter end of *January*, 1697. Upon the dissolution of the hard Frost, I passed, with many others, by the Night Tide, in a *Wherry* to *Gravesend*, where our *Floating Receptacle* lay ready to take in *Goods* and *Passengers*; but our *Lady Thames* being put into a *Passion*, by the rude *Kisses* of an *Easterly Wind*, drew her Smooth Face into so many *Wrinkles*, that her ill-favour'd Aspect and Murmurings, were to me as *Terrible* as the Noise of *Thieves* to a *Miser*, or *Bayliffs* to a *Bankrupt*: and being pent up with my Limbs, in an awkward Posture, lying Heads and Tails, like *Essex Calves* in a *Rumford Waggon*, I was forc'd to endure the Insolence of every Wave, till I was become as Wet as a New Pump'd *Kidnapper*.

In this Condition I Embark'd about Two a Clock in the Morning, where the chief Mate, as Master of the Ceremonies, conducted me to a wellcome Collation of *Cheese* and *Bisket*, and presented me with a Magnificent Can of *Sovereign Flip*, prepar'd with as much Art as an *Apothecary* can well shew in the mixing of a *Cordial*. After this refreshment, I betook my self to a *Cabin*, which fitted me so well, it sat as tite as a *Jacket* to a *Dutchman*, where I Slept till Morning, as close as a *Snail* in a *Shell*, or a *Maggot* in an Apple.

Apple-Kernel. Then Rising, and after I had survey'd our Wooden Territories, I began to Contemplate upon things worthy of a serious Consideration, which stir'd up in me that Malignant Spirit of Poetry, with which I am oft times unhappily possess'd: And what my *Muse* dictated to me, her *Amanuensis*, I here present unto the Reader.

A Farewell to ENGLAND.

I.

Farewell my Country and my Friends,
 My Mistress, and my Muse;
 In distant Regions, diff'rent Ends
 My Genius now pursues.
 Those Blessings which I held most dear,
 Are by my stubborn Destiny,
 (That uncontroul'd Necessity)
 Abandon'd from me, and no more appear.

II.

Despair of Fortune makes me bold,
 I can in Tempests Sleep;
 And fearless of my Fate, behold
 The Dangers of the Deep.
 No Covetous Desire of Life,
 Can now my Careless Thoughts employ,
 Banish'd from Friendship, Love, and Joy,
 To view the Waves and Winds at equal Strife.

III.

O'er threatening Billows can I fly,
 And, unconcern'd, conceive,
 'Tis here less difficult to Die,
 Than 'twas on Land to Live:
 To me 'tis equal, Swim or Sink;
 I smiling to my Fate can bow,
 Bereft of Joy, I think it now
 No more to Drown, than 'twas before to Drink.

IV.

*Dear Friends with Patience bear the Load
Of Troubles, still to come,
You Pity us who range Abroad,
We Pity you at Home.
Let no Oppression, Fears, or Cares
Make us our Loyalty Disband,
Which, like a well-built Arch, should stand
The more secure, the greater Weight it bears.*

V.

*Farewell Applause, that vain Delight
The Witty fondly seek;
He's Blest who like a Dunce may Write,
Or like a Fool may Speak:
What ever Praise we gain to day,
Whether deservedly or no,
We to the Worlds Opinion owe,
Who does as oft Mis-take the same away.*

V I.

*Something there is, which touches near,
I scarce can bid Adieu;
'Tis all my Hope, my Care, my Fear,
And all that I pursue:
'Tis what I Love, yet what I Fly,
But what I dare not, must not Name,
Angels Protect the Sacred Frame,
Till I to England shall Return, or Die.*

Towards the Evening the Captain came on Board, with the rest of our Fellow-Travellers, who, when we were altogether patch'd up as pretty a Society, as a Man under my Circumstances would desire to rumble into: There was Three of the *Troublesome Sex*, as some call them, (tho' I never thought 'em so) whose Curteous Affability, and Complaisance of Temper, admitted of no other Emulation, but to strive who (within the bounds of Modesty) should be most Obliging. One *Unfortunate Lady* was in pursuit of a *Stray'd Husband*, who in *Jamaica*, had Feloniously taken to Wife (for the sake of a Plantation) a *Lacker-Fac'd Creolean*, to
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the great dissatisfaction of his Original Spouse, who had often declar'd (thro' the Sweetness of her Disposition) That if he had Marri'd another Handsomer than her self, it would never hav'd vex'd her; but to be Rival'd by a *Gipsy*, a Tawny Fac'd *Moletto* Strumpet, a Pumpkin colour'd Whore, no, her Honour would not suffer her to bear with patience so coroding an Indignity. The other Two were a pretty *Maid*, and a Comely *Widow*; so that in these three, we had every Honourable State of the whole Sex: One in the State of *Innocency*, another of *Frution*, the third of *Deprivation*; and if we'd had but one in the State of *Corruption*, a Man might have pleas'd himself as well in our *Little World*, as you *Libertines* can do in the *Great One*.

I shall be too tedious if I at large Particularize the whole Company, I shall therefore *Hustle* them together, as a *Moorfields Sweetner* does *Luck in a Bag*, and then you may Wink and Choose, for the Devil a Barrel the better Herring amongs us. We had one (as I told you before) *Cherubimical Lass*, who, I fear, had *Lost her Self*, two more of the same Gender, who had lost their *Husbands*; two *Parsons* who had lost their *Living*s; three *Broken Tradesmen*, who had lost their *Credit*; and several, like me, that had lost their *Wits*; a *Craeland Captain*, a *Superannuated Mariner*, an *Independant Merchant*, an *Irish Kidnapper*, and a *Monmothean Sythe-man*, all going with one Design, to patch up their *Decay'd Fortunes*.

Every thing being in order for *Sailing*, the *Pilot* came on Board who put on such a Commanding Countenance, that he look'd as Stern as a *Sarazins Head*; and the *Sins* of his *Youth* having crept into his *Pedestals*, he Limp'd about the *Quater-Deck*, like a *Cripple* in *Forma Pauperis* upon a *Mountebanks Stage*, making as great a Noise in his *Tarpaulin Cant*, as a *Young Council* in a *Bad Cause*, or a *Butcher* at a *Bear-Garden*. As soon as we had weigh'd *Anchor*, under the doleful Cry and hard Service of *Haul Cat haul*, there was nothing heard till we reach'd the *Downs*, but *About Ship my Lads, bring your Fore Tack on Board, haul Fore-Sail haul, Brace about the MainTard*, and the Devil to do, That I was more Amaz'd than a *Mouse* at a *Throsters Mill*, or the *Russian Ambassador*, at a *Clap of Thunder*.

By the help of *Providence*, the *Pilot's Care*, and *Seamens Industry*, we pass'd safe to *Deal*, where we Anchor'd three or four Days for a fair Wind. In which interim, the *Prince of the Air* had puff'd up an unwelcome Blast in the Night, which forc'd a Vessel upon the *Goodwin*. The next Morning the *Salvages* Man'd out a Fleet of their *Deal Skimming-Dishes*, and made such unmerciful work with the poor distress'd *Bark*, that a Gang of *Bayliffs* with an *Excecution*, or a *Kennel* of *Hounds* upon a *Dead Horse*, could not have appear'd more *Ravenous*. From thence with a prosperous Gale, we made the best of our way into the wide *Ocean*, which *Marriners* say, is of such Profundity,
that

that, like a *Misers Conscience*, or a *Womans Concupiscence* 'tis never to be Fathom'd.

'Twas in the midst of Winter, and very Cold Weather, when we set out; but in a Fortnights time we were got into a comfortable Climat, which yielded us so pleasant a warmth, that a Man might pluck off his Shirt upon Deck, and commit *Murthor* upon his own *Flesh* and *Blood* till he was weary, without the danger of an *Ague*.

I happen'd one Morning to hear two *Tar-Jackets* in a very high Dispute; I went to them, and ask'd the reason of their Difference. *Why Sir*, says one, *I'll tell you, there was my Master Whistlebooby, an old Boatswain in one of his Majesties Ships, who was Superhanded, and past his Labour and the Ambaralitie Divorc'd him from his Ship, and the King allow'd him a Suspension, and this Lubberly Whelp here says I talk like a Fool; and sure I have not used the Sea this Thirty Years, but I can Argufie any thing as proper as he can.*

The chief *Sports* we had on Board, to pass away the tedious Hours, were *Hob, Spie the Market, Shove the Slipper, Dilly Dally, and Back-Gammon*; the Latter of which prov'd as serviceable to me, as a *Book of Heraldry* to a *Gentleman Mumper*, or a *Pas* to a *Penniless Vagabond*: For (like the *Whore* who boasted of her *Industry*) I us'd to make my Days Labour worth *Two Shillings, or Half a Crown, at Two Pence, or a Groat a Bout*. The most powerful Adversary I engag'd with, was a *Parson*, who, when the Bell Rung to Prayers, would start up in the middle of a Hit, desire my Patience whilst he step'd into the *Great Cabin*, and gave his Sinful Congregation a *Dram* of Evangelical Comfort, and he would wait upon me presently. But that *Recreation* in which we took a more peculiar delight, was the Harmony we made by the assistance of the two *Heaven-drivers*, in Lyricking over some *Antiquated Sonnets*, and for varieties sake, now and then a *Psalme*, which our Canonical *Vice-Whippers* Sung with as Penitential a grace, as a Sorowful Offender in his *Last Night-Cap*.

To please my self at a Spare-Hour, I had taken with me a *Flute*, and there being on Board a *Spanniel Dog*, who (*Seaman-like*) had no great kindness for *Wind-Musick*, for when ever he heard me *Tooting*, he'd be *Howling*, which, together made a Noise so surprising, that it frightened away a *Quotidian Ague*, from a Young Fellow who had been three Weeks under the hands of our Doctor.

One Night after we had well Moistn'd our Drouthy Carcasses with an Exhilerating Dose of Right Honourable *Punch*, there arose a *Storm*, for which I had often wish'd, that I might not be a stranger to any Surprising Accident the Angry Elements, when at Variance, might afford me. The Heavens all round us (in as little time as a *Girl* might loose her *Maidenhead*) had put on such a Malignant Aspect,

as if it threaten'd our Destruction; And *Aeolus* gave such unmerciful Puffs, and Whiffs, that I was fearful to stand upon the *Quarter Deck*, lest, before my time, I should be snatch'd up to Heaven in a Whirle-Wind. From all the Corners of the Skie there darted forth such Beams of *Lightning*, that I Vow and Protest the *Fire-works* in *St. James's-Square*, were no more to be compar'd to't, than a *Glowworms Arse* to a *Cotten Candle*, which were Instantly succeeded with such Vollys of *Thunder*, from every side, that you would have thought the *Clouds* had been fortified with *Whole Cannon*, and weary of being tost about with every Wind, were Fighting their way into a Calmer Region, to enjoy their Rest; Then fell such an excessive *Rain*, that as we had one Sea under us, we fear'd another had been tumbling upon our Heads; for my part, I fear'd the very *Falling* of the *Skie*, and thought of nothing but *Catching* of *Larks*. My Spirits being a little deprest, by the apprehensions of the Danger we were under, I went down into the *Gun-room*, to consult my *Brandy-Cask* about taking of a *Dram*; where one of our *Ladies*, thro' want of better Accomodation, was forc'd to be Content with a *Cradle*, in which she was *Praying*, with as much Sincerity, for *Fair Weather*, as a *Farmer* for a *Kind Harvest*, or an *Old Maid* for a *Good Husband*: And I being greatly pleas'd at her most Importunate Solicitations, have given you a Repetition of one part, viz. *And if Thou hast Decreed, that we shall Perish in this Tempest, I most humbly beseech Thee to Punish with Pox, Barrenness, and Dry-Belly-Ach, that Adulterous Strumpet, who, by Robbing me of my Husband, hath been a means of bringing me to this Untimely End; may her whole Life be a continued course of Sin without a moments Repentance, that she may Die without Forgiveness, and be Damn'd without Mercy.* In which Interim, a Sea wash'd over our *Fore-Castle*, run *Aft*, and came down the *Whip-stuttle*, she concluding we were going to the Bottom, Shreek'd out, and fell into a *Fit*; whilst I, thro' my *Fear*, together with my *Modesty*, scorn'd to take the Advantage of so fair an Opportunity.

In a doubtful Condition, between this World and the next, we labour'd till near Morning, about which time the Storm abated; But as soon as Day-light appear'd and the serenity of the Weather had turn'd our Frightful Apprehensions into a little Alacrity, some of the Men, from *Aloft*, Spi'd a Sail bearing after us with all Expedition; and being no great distance from the Coast of *Sally*, a jealousy arose amongst our Officers, of her being a *Man of War* belonging to that Country, they having upon the Conclusion of the late Peace with *France*, Proclaim'd a War with *England*; so that we thought our selves now in as great danger of being knock'd on the Head, or made Slaves, as we were before of being Drown'd. This Alaram kindled up amongst us new fears of approaching Danger, more Terrible than the former we had so happily surviv'd.

Command was given by our Captain, to prepare for a Fight; down Chests, up Hammocks, bring the small Arms upon the *Quarter Deck*,

an every Man directed to his Post, by orders fix'd upon the *Mizzen-mast* in the *Steerage*; the *Bulkhead* and *Cabins* nock'd down, the *Deck* clear'd *Fore* and *Aft*, for every Man to have free access to his Business. When all things were in readiness to receive an Enemy, I took a walk on purpose to look about me, and was so animated with the Seamen's Activity and Industry, together with the smell of Sweat, Match, and Gun-powder, that like *Squire Witherington* in *Chevy Chase*, I could have Fought upon my Stumps. By this time our suppos'd Enemy was almost come up with us, under *English* Colours, but his keeping close upon our *Quarter*, and not bearing off, gave us still reasons to mistrust him; but seeing him a small Ship, and ours a Vessel of 400 Tuns, 28 Guns, and about 50 Men, we *Furl'd* our *Main-Sail* with all our Hands at once, as a stratagem to seem well Man'd; put our *Top-Sailes* aback, and lay by, to let 'em see we were no more *Afraid than Hurt*. We had on Board an *Irish-man* going over a *Servant*, who I suppose was *Kidnap'd*; I observ'd this Fellow, being quarter'd at a Gun, look'd as pale as a *Pickpocket* new taken: I ask'd him why he put on such a *Cowardly* look; and told him 'twas a shame for a Man to shew so much Fear in his Countenance. Indeed Sir (said he) *I cannot help it, I love the bate of a Drum, the Pop of a Pistol, or the Bounce of a Musket* well enough, but, by my Shoul, the *Roaring of a Great Gun* always makesh me start. I ask'd him whose *Servant* he was. *By my Faith*, said he, I cannot tell; *I wash upon Change* looking for a good *Master*, and a brave *Gentleman* came to me and ask'd me who I wash; and I told him *I wash myn own shelf*, and he gave me some good *Wine* and good *Ale*, and brought me on Board, and I have not sheen him since. By this time our Adversary was come within hearing, and upon our Hailing of him, prov'd a little ship bound to *Guinea*, which put an end to our Fears, and made us fly to the *Punch-Bowle* with as much Joy as the *Mob* to a *Bonfire* upon a *State-Holyday*.

After we had chas'd away the remembrance of our past Dangers, with a reviving draught of our Infallible Elixir, we began to be Merry as so many *Beggars* (and indeed were before as *Poor*) beginning to turn that into Ridicule, which so lately had chang'd our Jollitry into Fear and Sadness. When we had thus refresh'd our Bodies, and strengthen'd our Spirits, by passing round a Health to our Noble Selves, &c. 'twas thought high time by our Reverend Pastors, to return Thanks for our great Deliverance from the hands of our Enemies, tho' we had none near us, which was accordingly perform'd with all the Solemnity a parcel of *Merry Juvenal* Wags could compose themselves to observe.

By this time we were got into so warm a Latitude, that (God be thanked) a *Louse* would not live in it. We now began to thin our Dress, and, had not Decency forbid it, could have gladly gone Naked, as our first Parents. Kissing here grew out of Fashion; there's no joyning of Lips, but your Noses would drop Sweat in your Mouths. The Sea, and other Elements, began now to entertain us with Curiosities in Nature worth observing, as *Grampas*, *Sharks*, *Porpus*, *Flying-Fish*, *Albacores* *Bonetta's*, *Dolphin*, *Bottle-noses*, *Turtle*, *Blubber*, *Stingrays*, *Sea-Adders*, and the Devil and all of *Adonsters* without Names, and some without Shape. As for Birds, *Noddys*, *Boobies*, *Shearwaters*, *Shags*, *Pitternells*, *Men of War*, *Tropick Birds*, *Pellicans*, &c. I shall not undertake here to describe these Creatures, because some of them are so Frightfully Ugly, that if any Friends Wife with Child should long for the Reading of my Book, it should chance to make her Miscarry. But that which I thought most worthy of Observation, were the *Clouds*, whose various Forms, and beauteous Colours, were Inimitable by the Pencil of the greatest Artist in the Universe, *Cities*, *Palaces*, *Groves*, *Fields*, and *Gardens*, *Monuments*, *Castles*, *Armies*, *Bulls*, *Bears*, and *Dragons*, &c. as if the Air above us had been Frozen into a *Looking-Glass*, and shew'd us by Reflection, all the Rarities in Nature.

By this time we had gain'd the *Tropick*, and come into a *Trade-Wind*; the greatest of our fears being now a *Calm*, which is fine weather to please fearful Tempers; but it brings us more in danger of being *Starv'd*, than a *Storm* does of being *Drown'd*: Tho' it was our Fortune in a few Days after, to make the *Leward-Islands*, and put us

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past the dread of so terrible a *Catastrophe*, those we pass'd in sight of, were, *Descado*, a rare place for a Bird-catcher to be Governour of, Birds being the only Creatures by which 'tis inhabited; *Montserat Antego*, *Mevis*, possess'd by the *English*; *St. Christo-phers*, by half *English* half *Freneh*; *Rodunday*, an uninhabitable high Rock. From amongst these *Caribbee* Islands, in a few days, we got to *Hispaniola*, without any thing remarkable; and from thence, in 24 Hours, with a fresh Gale, within sight of *Jamaica*, which (without Malice or Partiality) I shall proceed to give you some Account of.

A Character of JAMAICA.

THE Dunghill of the Universe, the Refuse of the whole Creation, the Clippings of the Elements, a shapeless pile of Rubbish confus'dly jumb'l'd into an Emblem of the *Chaos*, neglected by Omnipotence when he form'd the World into its admirable Order. The Nursery of Heavens Judgments, where the Malignant Seeds of all Pestilence were first gather'd and scatter'd thro' the Regions of the Earth, to Punish Mankind for their Offences. The Place where *Pandora* fill'd her Box, where *Vulcan* Forg'd *Joves* Thunder-bolts, and that *Pbaeton*, by his rash misguidance of the Sun, scorch'd into a Cinder. The Receptacle of Vagabonds, the Sanctuary of Bankrupts, and a Close-stool for the Purges of our Prisons. As Sickly as an Hospital, as Dangerous as the Plague, as Hot as Hell, and as Wicked as the Devil. Subject to *Tornadoes*, *Hurricanes*, and *Earthquakes*, as if the Island, like the People, were troubled with the *Dry Belly-Ach*.

Of their Provisions.

THE chiefest of their Provisions is *Sea Turtle*, or a *Toad in a shell*, stew'd in its own Gravy; its Lean is as White as a Green-sickness Girl, its Fat of a Calves-turd Colour; and is excellently good to put a stranger into a Flux, and purge out part of those ill Humours it infallibly creates. The Belly is call'd *Callipee*, the Back *Callipach*; and is serv'd up to the Table in its own Shell, instead of a Platter. They have *Guanas*, *Hikeries*, and *Crabs*; the first being an Amphibious *Serpent*, shap'd like a *Lizard*, but black and larger, the second a *Land-Tortoise*, the last needs no Description, but are as numerous as *Frogs* in *England*, and Borrough in the Ground like *Rabbits*, so that the whole *Island* may be justly call'd, *A Crabb-Warren*. They are Fatteft near the *Pallasadoes*, where they will make a Skeleton of a Corps in as little time as a *Tanner* will Flea a *Colt*, or a *Hound* after Hunting devour a *Shoulder of Mutton*. They have *Beef* without Fat, Lean *Mutton* without Gravy, and *Fowles* as dry as the Udder of an Old Woman, and as tough as a Stake from the Haunches of a *Superannuated Car-Horse*.

Milk is so plenty, you may buy it for Fifteen Pence a Quart; but Cream so very scarce, that a Firkin of Butter, of their own making, would be so costly a Jewel, that the Richest Man in the Island would be unable to purchase it. They value themselves greatly upon the sweetness of their Pork, which is indeed luscious, but as flabby as the Flesh of one just risen from a Flux, and ought to be forbid in all hot Countries (as amongst the *Jews*) for the prevention of *Leprosie*, *Scurvy*, and other Distempers, of which it is a great occasion.

There is very little *Veal*, and that Lean; for in *England* you may Nurse four Children much cheaper than you can one Calf in *Jamaica*. They have course *Teal*, almost as big as *English Ducks*; and *Moscovy Ducks* as big as *Geese*; But as for their *Geese*, they may be all *Swans*, for I never saw one in the Island.

There are sundry sorts of *Fish*, under *Indian* Names, without Scales, and of a *Serpentine Complexion*; they Eat as dry as a *Shad*, and much stronger than stale *Herrings* or Old *Ling*; with Oyl'd Butter to the Sawce as rank as *Goose-Grease*, improv'd with the palatable Relish of a stinking *Anchovie*.

They

They make a rare *Soop* they call *Pepper-pot*; it's an excellent Breakfast for a *Salamander*, or a good preparative for a *Mountebanks Agent*, who Eats Fire one day, that he may get better Victuals the next. Three Spoonfuls so Inflam'd my Mouth, that had I devour'd a Peck of *Horse-Radish*, and Drank after it a Gallon of *Brandy* and *Gunpowder*, (*Dives* like) I could not have been more importunate for a Drop of Water to cool my Tongue.

They greatly abound in a Beautiful Fruit, call'd a *Cussue*, not unlike an *Apple*, but longer; it's soft and very Juicy, but so great an Acid, and of a Nature so Restraining, that by Eating of one, it drew up my Mouth like a *Hens Fundament*, and made my Pallat as Rough, and Tongue as Sore as if I had been Gargling it with *Allom-Water*: From whence I conjecture, they are a much fitter Fruit to recover *Lost Maiden-heads*, properly apply'd, than to be Eaten. Of *Water-Mellons* and *Mus-Mellons* they have plenty; the former is of as cold a quality as a *Cucumber*, and will dissolve in your Mouth like *Ice* in a hot *Frying-pan*, being as Pleasant to the Eater (and, I believe, as Wholsome) as a Cup of *Rock-Water* to a Man in a *Hettick Feavour*: The latter are large and luscious, but much too watery to be good.

Coco-Nuts, and *Physick-Nuts* are in great esteem amongst the Inhabitants; the former they reckon *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth*, but the Eatable part is secur'd within so strong a Magazine, that it requires a Lusty *Carpenter*, well Arm'd with *Ax* and *Hand-saw*, to hew a passage to the *Kernel*, and when he has done, it will not recompence his Labour. The latter is big as a *Filbert*, but (like a *Beautiful Woman* well Drest, and *Infectious*) if you venture to Taste, is of ill consequence: Their Shell is Black, and *Japan'd* by Nature, exceeding Art; the Kernel White, and extream Pleasant to the Palat, but of so powerful an Operation, that by taking two, my Guts were Swept as clean, as ever *Tom-T--d-man* made a *Vault*, or any of the *Black Fraternity* a *Chimney*.

They have *Oranges*, *Lemons*, *Limes*, and several other Fruits, as *Sharp* and *Crabbed* as themselves, not given them as a *Blessing*, but a *Curse*; for Eating so many sower things, Generates a *Corroding Slime* in the Bowels, and is one great occasion of that Fatal and Intolerable Distemper, *The Dry Belly-Ach*; which in a Fortnight, or Three Weeks, takes away the use of their Limbs, that they are forc'd to be led about by *Negro's*. A Man under this Misery, may be said to be the '*Scutchion* of the *Island*, the Completion of the Patient being the *Field*, bearing *Or*, Charg'd with all the Emblems of Destruction, proper; supported by *Two Devils*, *Sable*; and *Death* the *Crest Argent*. Many other Fruits there are, that are neither worth Eating, Naming, or Describing: Some that are never tasted but in a *Drouth*, others in a *Famine*.

Of Port Royal.

IT is an Island distinct from the Main of *Jamaica*, tho' before the *Earthquake*, it joyn'd by a Neck of Land to the *Palisados*, but was separated by the violence of an Inundation (thro' Gods Mercy) to prevent the Wickedness of their Metropolis diffusing it self, by Communication, over all the Parts of the Country, and so call that Judgment upon the Whole, which fell more particularly upon the Sinfullest part.

From a Spacious fine Built Town (according to Report) it is now reduc'd, by the encroachments of the Sea, to a little above a quarter of a Mile in Length, and about half so much the Breadth, having so few remains left of its former splendour, I could think no otherwise but that every Traveller who had given its Description, made large use of his *License*. The Houses are low, little, and irregular; and if I compare the best of their Streets in *Port-Royal*, to the Fag-End of *Kent-street*, where the *Broom-men* Live, I do them more than Justice.

About

About ten a Clock in the Morning, their Nostrils are saluted with a *Land-Breeze*, which blowing o'er the Island, searches the Bowels of the Mountains (being always crack'd and full of vents, by reason of excessive Heat) bringing along with it such *Sulphureous Vapours*, that I have fear'd the whole Island would have burst out into a flaming *Aetna*, or have stifled us with Suffocating Fumes, like that of melted Minerals and Brimstone.

In the afternoon, about Four a Clock, they might have the refreshment of a *Sea-Breeze*, but suffering the *Negro's* to carry all their *Nastiness* to *Windward* of the Town, that the Nauseous Effluvia's which arise from their stinking Dungills, are blown in upon them; thus what they might enjoy as a Blessing, they Ingratefully pervert by their own ill management.

They have a Church, 'tis true, but built rather like a *Market-House*; and when the *Flock* are in their *Pews*, and the *Pastor* Exalted to over-look his *Sheep*, I took a Survey round me, and saw more variety of *Scare-Crows* than ever was seen at the Feast of *Ugly-Faces*.

Every thing is very Dear, and an Ingenious or an Honest Man may meet with this Encouragement, To spend a Hundred Pounds before he shall get a Penny. *Madera-Wine* and *Bottle-Beer* are Fifteen Pence the Bottle; nasty *Claret*, half a Crown; *Rhenish*, Five Shillings; and their best *Canary*, Ten Bits, or Six and Three Pence. They have this Pleasure in Drinking, That what they put into their Bellies, they may soon stroak out of their Fingers Ends; for instead of *Exonerating* they *Fart*, and *Sweat* instead of *Pissing*.

Of the PEOPLE.

THE generality of the Men look as if they had just nock'd off their Fetters, and by an unexpected Providence, escap'd the danger of a near Misfortune, the dread of which, hath imprinted that in their Looks, which they can no more alter than an *Ethiopian* can his Colour.

They are all *Colonels*, *Adajors*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, and *Ensigns*, the two last being held in such disdain, that they are look'd upon as a *Bungling Diver* amongst a Gang of *Expert Pick-pockets*; *Pride* being their *Greatness*, and *Impudence* their *Virtue*.

They regard nothing but Money, and value not how they get it, there being no other Felicity to be enjoy'd but purely Riches. They are very Civil to Strangers who bring over considerable Effects; and will try a great many ways to Kill him fairly, for the lucre of his Cargo: And many have been made Rich by such Wind-falls.

A Broken *Apothecary* will make there a Topping *Physician*; a *Barbers Prentice*, a good *Surgeon*; a *Bayliffs Follower*, a passable *Lawyer*; and an *English Knave*, a very *Honest Fellow*.

They have so great a veneration for *Religion*, That *Bibles* and *Common Prayer Books* are as good a Commodity amongst them, as *Muffs* and *Warming-Pans*.

A little Reputation among the *Women*, goes a great way; and if their Actions be answerable to their Looks, they may vie *Wickedness* with the *Devil*: An *Impudent Air*, being the only *Charms* of their *Countenance*; and a *Lewd Carriage*, the *Study'd Grace* of their *Deportment*. They are such who have been *Scandalous* in *England* to the utmost degree, either *Transported* by the *State*, or led by their *Vicious Inclination*; where they may be *Wicked*, without *Shame*; and *Whore* on, without *Punishment*.

They are Stigmatiz'd with *Nick-Names*, which they bear, not with *Patience* only, but with *Pride*; as *Unconscionable Nan*, *Salt-Beef Peg*, *Buttock-de-Clint Jenny*, &c. *Swearing*, *Drinking*, and *Obscene Talk*, are the principal Qualifications that render them acceptable to *Male Conversation*; and she that wants a perfection in these admirable Acquirements, shall be as much Ridicul'd for her *Modesty*, as a *Plain-dealing Man* amongst a Gang of *Knaves*, for his *Honesty*.

In short, *Virtue* is so Despis'd, and all sorts of *Vice* Encourag'd, by both Sexes, that the Town of *Port Royal* is the very *Sodom* of the Universe.

